cubicle. A little bald-headed man in shirt sleeves sat at a desk with heaps of clippings, galleys, and manuscripts before him. I recognized Lenin.

He asked for details. "How was the voting? Ten to eight? This means that one of our men was trapped by the Mensheviks. It does not take much to straighten out such a thing." Then, in a more serious vein, he said, "The unemployed have been the most active force in many revolutions. How about yours? Could you bring them into the streets?"

"That is not our purpose," I replied. "We are interested in aiding the unemployed."

Lenin's laugh was friendly, almost kind. "Of course, of course. Heading the movement, you have to *say* this. If, in addition, you *feel* this way, your words must sound the more convincing. How many copies do you need? Only twenty thousand? You could use more."

He marked "100,000" on my scripts and passed them to his assistant, a little bespectacled man, who said to me, "In the students' canteen, at our desk, at this time tomorrow."

I started to leave, but Lenin stopped me. "You are on our list," he said. He showed me the galley of the front page of the newspaper, with my pen name, "Sergei Petrov," in the list of contributors. "Now, write something for the first issue."

Lenin continued to be interested in the Council of the Unemployed. I do not know whether he was in sympathy with the movement or sided with it because the Mensheviks had been against it. But at the time when I was drifting away from the party, my work for the unemployed brought me close to Lenin and therefore close to the Bolshevist organization.

Our Council decided to submit its petition to the Municipal Council at its last meeting before the Easter recess. The deputation consisted of fifteen members—half the Council. In the event of an arrest, the other half would continue the campaign. Four men were chosen as spokesmen. I acted as the coach of the team. We rehearsed each speech, separately and all together, and each speaker memorized his part.

But when we reached the huge two-story reception hall of the Municipal Council, we were told the session had been postponed for lack of a quorum. The arrival of our group aroused curiosity among the councilmen present, one of whom asked who we were. Our oldest spokesman, Nikitin, announced in his booming voice, "We are the delegation of the unemployed."

Immediately we were surrounded by a crowd of councilmen, municipal officials, and reporters. An important-looking gentleman